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sis, not characteristic of real life, perhaps; but it is witty, elegant, and delightful; art confectionery never created a more piquant delicacy. A Spanish nurse, in front, holds a foundling baby, a living placard of the charity to be benefited; she sits at a long table, behind which are rows of nuns, sincere, abstracted, collected; but a mundane dowager in a ruff is among them, with a sharp eye to the contribution-box. Don Basilio, in his broad-leaf hat, sits with a plan of the arena, one of whose seats he is selling to an old dandy. A delightful Spanish bull-fighter, beautiful, conquering, invincible as a Santiago on a banner, intercepts the pretty damsels as they come in, and flirts with them, all profligacies being blessed by heaven in order that our crèche may be sustained. Then add to this the physical horrors, plainly to be imagined, of the coming bull-fight, horses trampling on their viscera, gallant bulls bursting with squibs of gunpowder—fancy this inconceivable mixture of callousness, inhumanity, coquetry, rococo, illegal child-birth, priesthood, nuns, and benevolence, and you have a combination quite fit for Hogarth, treated with Hogarth's wit, and adorned with a silken suit of Harlequin colors that only the followers of Fortuny have discovered.

Luis Alvarez might be taken as striking the key-note of a collection like this, so very modern, so entirely up to the last notion in connoisseurship. But the burst of Fortuny-miracle-working is here in its gravity and its austerity, not merely in its pyrotechny. Fortuny never did anything more serious and elevated than the life-scale "Portrait of a Spanish Lady." The effort is almost unique in his "œuvre," nowhere else in which do we find life-size figures except in the abandoned "Battle of Tetuan." A superb, impassive, narrow-eyed, somewhat pulpy woman, with a smouldering-volcano expression, stands robed in black silk, which is buttoned to the chin with coral studs, and which expands into the balloon-like crinoline of 1860. Her face is painted without the least bravado of technic, quietly and anxiously, and is so elaborated that the flesh becomes a perfect type of lymphatic temperament combined with dark skin. The rich silk, on the contrary, is sketched, and superbly sketched. The hands, puffy and lifeless, and holding a jewelled eye-glass, are less successful than anything else within the frame. This portrait, which one would expect to see cherished among the proudest ancestral galleries of Spain, has been allowed to get to America through an accident. The name of the original has not been published among the articles that have been written on the picture, but, after such a lapse of time, it may now be whispered. The lady of the picture is Madame Garcia, wife of the Secretary of Queen Isabella's ambassador at Rome, in the old time; the distractions which resulted in exiling the queen disturbed the affairs of her diplomats as well, and the Garcias found themselves temporarily embarrassed, and willing to sell the family likeness on its merits as a work of art. Better times have supervened, and in their recovered prosperity the Garcias have made impassioned efforts to buy the painting back, but of course there is no price which would be adequate to recover a unique Fortuny like this. Arsène Houssaye contemplated this picture in Fortuny's studio at Rome, and sighed, "When will another Velasquez be born?" The painting, indeed, for certain profound and deeply considered qualities, as different from the laughing sheen of the ordinary Fortuny as a bronze medal is from a water-color, deserves to be preserved forever in this country, as a Spanish boon somehow similar to the very discovery of the land.

Alma-Tadema, again, is a name not only good in itself, but well looked on. He is a creditable guest to have in one's parlor. His "Education of the Children of Queen Clotilda" is one of the choice pictures in this collection. There are sixteen figures, in one of the Romanized atriums of ancient Gaul. The Queen who made France a Christian country sits in the tender grace of widowhood, with little Prince Clotaire and his brothers engaging in the exercises of the palæstra under her superintendence. One leans on her knee, one holds a little battle-axe ready to throw at the target, and the third stands in full foreground in act to hurl the hatchet, while his sword-master stoops behind him to watch and criticise the stroke. At the corner of the peristyle, a bald priest, with Christian breviary in his hand, leans against a column, and the shaven heads of monks, already prepared with their garb of monastic asceticism, emerge from the crowd of courtiers. Very piquant is the contrast of costumes, in which contrast

is inclosed the whole significance of superpositions of race. The Gaulish armor and leg-thongs still cling to the soldiers, the Roman pallium is adopted as a foreign distinction by the counsellors, while the Christian monks have even now invented their livery of renunciation. In these changes we see the Gaulish valor giving stability to France, the Latin learning giving her civilization, the oriental genius of Christianity giving her enlightenment. That the costumes and architecture are scholarly in their correctness, is sufficiently implied when we recall that the painter is Laurent Alma-Tadema.

Here, again, we stumble on the originals of the photographs seen in every portfolio, Gérôme's "Louis XIV. and Molière," and Gérôme's "L'Eminence Grise." The Molière incident, narrated by Madame Campan, is not very solid history, but may do for the web of a picture. According to what that communicative school-mistress told the Bonaparte people, after having heard it from somebody as gossipy as herself, Louis XIV. had unusual trouble with his courtiers when trying to introduce the drama into his kingdom. Italian music they would tolerate, so far as to dance themselves in the operas. But to dine with Poquelin, the upholsterer's offspring, was more than they could stomach. Accordingly, Louis arranges his little drama; spreads on the bedside table the chicken and biscuit of his "en cas de nuit," and suddenly summons the court, to show that he is not ashamed to eat with Molière. The keen painter makes of this incident a truer-looking fact than many an undisputed conjuncture of history. The reign of art has invaded France, and begins to undermine feudalism—the player sits with the king. We have the scornful hypocrisy and servility of bowing courtiers, the unconvinced lacqueism of shocked domestics, and at last, near the door, the open revolt of De Retz, Archbishop of Paris, who had forbidden the playing of the troupe in the capital. In effect, this scene, this propinquity of Molière's with the court, belongs to the rustic retirement of Fontainebleau, where we must conceive the legendary event to take place. The background shows a chamber of Fontainebleau, similar to that in Le Brun's Gobelin's tapestry, which represents the young king receiving an apology from the Papal legate; the costumes, too, are the same, and in this instance at least we have the satisfaction of knowing where the faultless painter got his authorities. Meanwhile, the comely young monarch in the middle, between Art, in modest confidence, and Clericalism, clutching its "berette" in a fury, forms a pretty and wholesome allegory of progress.

By the same painter, "L'Eminence Grise" takes us back to the preceding reign. Richelieu's petted confidant, the filthy barefoot monk "Friar Joseph," descends with his naked feet the steps of the splendid palace steps of the Cardinalate, now Palais Royal. As he comes down, self-conscious and devout, the entering crowd of time-servers, with many prelates among them, bow low to the statue of humility. Once past, they raise their heads, and don their felts again. The expression of the knight seen above, on the stairs, sweeping on in the pride of his recovered hat, is precisely that which used to be adopted in Tartuffe, when, hatted and insolent, he marches through Orgon's house, as played at the Français by Bressant, before his epileptic stroke. This picture of the "Brother Joseph" of Bulwer's "Richelieu," is uncommonly pointed and witty.

Four Meissoniers, of which "The Game Lost," "The Stirrup-Cup," and the "Captain," are the best; a life-size Bouguereau group, "A Damsel Hesitating between Love and Riches;" a wonderful "Market in Hungary," by the Viennese Pettenkofen; four Martin Ricos, three Simonettis, two originals by Horace Vernet—these are the certificates of standing furnished by the best type discoverable of the well-informed Gallery.

CICERONE.

AN ARTIST'S PARADISE.

FOR a lover of color and of perfect taste in colors, Tunis is a rare treat. An English resident in that city writes as follows:

"The exquisite tints and combinations one finds in the costumes of the Moors and Arabs, even, I may say, in the very beggars of the streets, are really surprising. You never find a contrast or a shade that grates on you. There is a lovely, indescribable blue very prevalent here, that were it introduced into England, would

be seized on at once as the latest 'art' color. And the Moors seem to understand, what we are only just beginning to see, that the true combination of colors is to place side by side, not radically opposed tints, as red and green, but colors that have something in common, as green and blue, red and purple, brown and orange. One Moor, whether intentionally or not, would seem to select as his 'theme' the above-mentioned shade of blue. He will have his loose upper garment of a deep 'peacock' color, and the under vest, which always shows in front, of a blue so lovely and delicate, that I can only compare it to the color of a heron's egg. This is only one of the many combinations one sees; apricot and crimson, a sombre brown and a pale orange, every shade of dirty 'astic' green, all these tints worn by the portly Moors and the peasants from the interior, render the streets of the Arab town like an ever-changing kaleidoscope."

GRETA'S BOSTON LETTER.

TWO NEW ART GALLERIES—THE NEW HOUSE OF THE BOSTON ART CLUB—THE GREAT TRIENNIAL MECHANICS' FAIR EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY ART.

BOSTON, June 20, 1881.

I THINK I have told you somewhat, heretofore, of the new taste in house-building and decoration prevailing in the fashionable new Back Bay district. The new residence of the bachelor rector of Trinity, built by the architects of that magnificent church (and of your State Capitol at Albany), is an extreme type of the fashion. The most descriptive designation of the style is "squatty," though the architects' technical term is Romanesque. It is peculiarly fit for homes, having very strongly the cozy, homelike air, and recalling to the unlearned the homes of Old England—the England of Elizabeth and Mary—though northern Italy is really the birthplace of the style. Broad, low windows in the lower story, little windows in the upper, and dormers in the low-slanting tiled roof, with heavy ornate chimneys on the most prominent front or corners, and a general irregularity and individuality of outline are the marked characteristics of the vogue. The material is usually rough brick, with entablatures of carved brick or terra cotta in the middle of front and ends. Such is the style of the new house of the Boston Art Club, ground for which was broken this spring. It is to be another "bit of color" of the warm tone for which old Boston is exchanging her Puritan drab and gray of former generations. Fronting on the grand square already surrounded by Trinity Church with its great tiled tower, the Art Museum with its broad terra-cotta bas-reliefs, the new "Old South" with its lofty campanile and Byzantine lantern, and blocks of towering French apartment-houses, and of more of the English Romanesque "squatty," the new Art Club house will be emphatically "de son temps," a monument of the sumptuous, "solid" period in which old Boston is settling down to the luxurious enjoyment of the well-earned fruits of generations of thrift, enterprise, industry, and cultivation. Of course an art club cannot rival the lavish expenditure of your Union League of bankers, merchants, and capitalists; but this building and the land will cost not far from a hundred thousand dollars. Is there another art club anywhere in the New World or the Old? If there is, I have not heard of it; and the club's committee on the new house inspected many club-houses on both sides of the water without finding any existing model for what this club aims at—namely, to be at once a club and a sort of public institution. The luxurious privacy of the club proper and the public use of the gallery for periodical exhibitions must be combined, and this was the problem. The house occupies about the space of two large city mansions, ninety feet on the longer side, presented to the Dartmouth Street side of the square, and fifty-four feet on Newbury Street. On the corner rises a wedge-shaped tower, capped with a bell-shaped roof. This tower will jut out and overhang on the second story, supported by a single pillar rising the height of the first floor, thus giving a picturesque profile to the corner. The basement will be finished off into several large rooms, one perhaps for billiards, and one large enough for a lecture-room, while the remaining space affords packing and storage rooms. The ground floor is to be devoted to the parlors, reading-room, and lounging-rooms for the members, which can be entirely